

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND  
THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1835.

No. 88.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND  
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

### BERANGER—HUMAN GOODNESS— POETS' HOUSES.

BERANGER is now living in great seclusion at Fontainebleau. Two maiden aunts reside with him, at a small country house, close to the forest. His habits and modes of life are described as simple and unpretending, and he is said to mix very little in society. —*Daily Papers.*

There is no fitter man to live in seclusion than a poet, by reason of the insight he has into so many things not observable by the unpoetical. And the more sociable he is by nature, the more, in some respects, will he succeed in adapting himself to his position, from his ability to socialize with any living thing near him. Beranger, however, with the instincts of a man who sympathises with his fellow-creatures, and likes occasionally to be in the thick of them, has pitched his retreat but at a small distance from Paris, so that he can be in either place at a short notice, especially by the assistance of that now universal vehicle and universal bane—the omnibus. To live between a forest and a metropolis, nearest to the one for a nest, yet not far from the other as a resort,—how could poet be better pitched? We had the pleasure, the other day, of meeting with a countryman of Beranger's, who knows him, and who spoke with enthusiasm of his natural manners, his fond heart, and the spirit and persuasiveness with which he converses as well as writes.

We need not say that the *LONDON JOURNAL* does not meddle with politics. We have our opinions in these matters, and never had any other; but we love, thank God! an honest, unworldly, kind-hearted man, whatever be his opinions; and much as we may admire Beranger on some other accounts, it is for those qualities we love him, just as it is for the same reasons we love the memory of Cowley, the most amiable of Tories. Clarendon's Lord Falkland is a great god of ours. And we love the late Mr Sadler, if the accounts of him in 'Fraser's Magazine' be true, as we believe. Oh, pray believe that there are myriads of such men in the world, if we did but know them; and that human nature, instead of being the shabby thing which shabby misgivings or desires would fain suppose it, is a very hopeful and promising thing, full of the happiest capabilities, and delayed in them, for the present, only by imperfect educations. The heart, the only final source of wisdom, is naturally wise in all, unless they are born mad, from mad circumstances; and even then you may see it struggling to break forth somehow, in an occasionally genial ray, or self-pitying tear. As for the rest of mankind, they would all love and pity and teach and honour one another to-morrow, if they could but leave off a few false notions of power, and petty habits of trickery, which notions and habits they all, in a manner, equally resent meanwhile, and would fain lay down, if they thought others would. Where people are sure that they meet with no deception, how inclined they are, generally speaking, not to practise it! Let us here be permitted to make a somewhat long digressive extract in favour of this

conclusion (an old favourite of ours) from the last new publication of Mr Holman, the blind traveller, a man who by writing and thinking as he does, turns his misfortune not only into a blessing to himself, but to his fellow creatures. We take it from the *Atlas* Sunday newspaper:—

"It has been a question of interest to the readers of these travels (says the *Atlas*) how Mr Holman, who always went abroad without a servant, contrived to manage his money concerns. Here is his explanation. It is a sort of compliment to mankind in general."

Surely; and a deserved one, otherwise Mr Holman would not have had to record it.

"With respect to drawing bills, I may generally observe, that I never entertained any suspicion in such transactions, and have never been deceived. But I always acted with caution, applying only to respectable merchants or bankers; and such was my confidence in their integrity, that I had no hesitation in suffering them to draw the bills that were to be made payable to themselves, frequently signing them when there was no third party present: nor can I recall a single instance in which any person attempted to take advantage of the confidence I reposed in them, either in the receipt, payment, or exchange of monies. In making bargains, or estimating the quality of articles by their prices, whenever I depended on my own judgment, I do not remember that I ever had any reason to be dissatisfied; nor do I think that in such matters I was more imposed upon than I should have been if I had had my sight."

"In the arrangement of my notes, gold, and silver, according to the respective value of each, I never found any difficulty; as a proof of which I may observe, that I generally settle my own bills, count out the money, and deliver it myself, merely referring the receipt to any one who happens to be with me, to ascertain whether the amount, date, &c., be correctly stated. Another proof of my circumspection is, that I never made such a mistake as giving a sovereign for a shilling; nor has anybody been so kind as to give me gold for silver."

[A pleasant touch on the part of our blind friend; but he can afford it, and so can those who deal with him. If they were cautious for their money, they were equally careful of his.]

"Notwithstanding I have travelled so much in foreign countries, and had so extensive an intercourse with strangers, I think I can safely say, that I have not been more deceived, or suffered greater losses in money transactions, than any of my countrymen. Thank God! I have not found sufficient cause to arm myself with suspicion; for, though there are despicable characters in every country, who would not hesitate to take advantage of others, I am happy to think that human nature is not so bad as she is generally portrayed, and that there is at least one redeeming quality, which is acknowledged to exist even in the worst characters—a reluctance to practise deceit or treachery on the afflicted, as they might be tempted to do on those who are capable of protecting themselves. On the whole I have much more reason to be grateful to mankind, than to complain of any uncharitableness; while, from the more educated part of the community, I have invariably experienced the most convincing evidence of the excellent qualities of the human heart, in constant and disinterested acts of kindness, hospitality, benevolence, and almost universal sympathy."

To return to our first intended subject, with this pleasant thought to accompany us into such suitable places.—We extracted some time ago, into the *LONDON JOURNAL*, a paper from Mr D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' upon 'Literary Residences.' It is very amusing and curious; but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under

the roof of a garret;" and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more. Genius has been often poor enough, but seldom so much so as to want what are looked upon as the decencies of life. In point of abode, in particular, we take it to have been generally lucky as to the fact, and not at all so grand in the desire as Mr D'Israeli seems to imagine. Ariosto, who raised such fine structures in his poetry, was asked indeed how he came to have no greater one when he built a house for himself; and he answered, that "palaces are easier built with words than stones." It was a pleasant answer, and fit for the interrogator; but Ariosto valued himself much upon the snug little abode which he did build, as may be seen by the inscription still remaining upon it at Ferrara; \* and we will venture to say for the cordial, tranquility-loving poet, that he would rather live in such a house as that, and amuse himself with building palaces in his poetry, than have undergone the fatigue, and drawn upon himself the publicity, of erecting a princely mansion, full of gold and marble. No mansion which he could have built, would have equalled what he could fancy; and poets love nests from which they can take their flights—not worlds of wood and stone to strut in, and give them a sensation. If so, they would have set their wits to get rich, and live accordingly; which none of them ever did yet,—at any rate, not the greatest. Ariosto notoriously neglected his "fortunes"—in that sense of the word. Shakspeare had the felicity of building a house for himself, and settling in his native town; but though the best in it, it was nothing equal to the "seats" outside of it (where the richer men of the district lived); and it appears to have been a "modest mansion," not bigger, for instance, than a good-sized house in Red Lion street, or some other old quarter in the metropolis. Suppose he had set his great wits to rise in the state and accumulate money, like Lionel Cranfield, for example, or Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son. We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favourable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakspeare had done it; he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not,—it will be said,—because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well; and for the same reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It cannot get them health, and freedom, and a life in the green fields, and mansions in fairy-land; and they prefer those, and a modest visible lodging.

Chaucer had a great large house to live in,—a castle,—because he was connected with royalty; but he does not delight to talk of such places: he is all for the garden, and the daisied fields, and a bower like a "pretty parlour." His mind was too big for a great house; which challenges measurement with its inmates, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God's air, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

\* See an engraving of the house itself, with its inscription—'Ariosto.' But it wants the garden-ground which betoken, in the 'Gallery of Portraits,' No. XXVIII, Article longed to it.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle,—in Ireland,—a piece of forfeited property, given him for political services; and he lived to repent it: for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child burnt with it; and the poet was driven back to England, broken-hearted. But look at the houses he describes in his poems,—even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, after his fashion. He bestows the great ones upon princes and allegorical personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the largest houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too); but his nests, his poetic bowers, his *delicæ* and *amanitates*, he keeps for his hermits and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy; and observe how he delights to repeat the word "little," when describing them. His travellers come to "little vallies," in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a "little smoke," (a "chearefull signe," quoth the poet), and

"To little cots in which the shepherds lie;"

and though all his little cots are not happy, yet he is ever happiest when describing them, should they be so, and showing in what sort of contentment his mind delighted finally to rest.

"A little lowly hermitage it was  
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
Far from resort of people, that did pass  
In travel to and fro. A little wide  
There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say  
His holy things each morn and eventide;  
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,  
Nor look for entertainment where none was;  
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;  
The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it with

"A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,"

was content if he could but get a "garden-house," to live in, as it was called in his time; that is to say, a small house in the suburbs, with a bit of garden to it. He required nothing but a tree or two about him, to give him "airs of Paradise." His biographer shows us, that he made a point of having a residence of this kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side and the fields, like his fellow-patriot, M. Beranger, who would have been the Andrew Marvell of those times, and adorned his great friend, as the other did, or like his Mirth (! Allegro) visiting his Melancholy.

And hear beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as the sound in his trees:—"I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always,—that I might be master at last of a small-house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature; and there, with no design beyond my wall,

'whole and entire to lie,  
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.'"  
—The Garden

"I confess," says he, in another essay (on Greatness), "I love littleness almost in all things,—a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty."

(What charming writing!—how charming as writing, as well as thinking! and charming in both respects, because it possesses the only real perfection of either,—truth of feeling.)

Cowley, to be sure, got such a house as he wanted "at last," and was not so happy in it as he expected to be; but then it was because he did only get it "at last," when he was growing old, and was in bad health. Neither might he have ever been so happy in such a place as he supposed (blest are the poets, surely, in enjoying happiness even in imagination!)

yet he would have been less comfortable in a house less to his taste.

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard street (then almost a suburb), looking, at the back, into the gardens of Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thomson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Everybody knows what a rural house Cowper lived in. Shenstone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered him from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a wife; which was being very "one-sided" in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but there it does look—upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get. Next to a cottage of the most comfortable order, we should prefer, for our parts, if we must have servants and a household, one of those good old mansions of the Tudor age, or some such place, which looks like a sort of cottage-palace, and is full of old corners, old seats in the windows, and old memories. The servants, in such a case, would probably have grown old in one's family, and become friends; and this makes a great difference in the possible comfort of a great house. It gives it old family warmth. We have lately visited such a house, which had grounds suitable to it, and inmates most worthy. May they, and it, be blessed for ever!

[A JOURNEY BY COACH, No. IV. next week. We long to write upon many other subjects,—upon Miss Landon's new book, Mr Chandos Leigh's, &c. and we must divide our new series of articles with them, alternately.]

### THE GARLAND OF BEAUTIES.

A BALLAD WRITTEN IN THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

[The following verses, taken from the *Morning Herald*, are from the pen of Sir Lumley Sheffington, the most good-natured of men. We remember him thirty years ago, gracing the theatre with his bland and well-dressed presence, and diffusing urbanity in the boxes around him, to the shame (had they been wise enough to feel any) of the petulant young critics of those days; and there is he still, the immortal *beau-garcon*, adorning the same places, leading the same pleasant life, and encouraging the same talents of the young and fair. We own that we do not think the verses before us equal to those he wrote not long since upon Madam Vestris. Madam, perhaps, is a greater inspirer than even twenty young ladies put together. But whatever Sir Lumley writes acquires an attraction in our eyes, which leaves us nothing to do but to go headlong along with it, and think of it just as he would have us.]

Ye Sylphs, weave a garland where beauties  
appear,  
As fresh as the buds in the Spring of the year!  
Ye Sylphs, bid them glow with effulgence  
more bright,  
Than the lustre of stars on a Midsummer  
night!  
Let a nymph lend her name to some exquisite  
flower,  
Give bloom to its beauty and force to its power;  
Then waft o'er its breast, as the purest adorning,  
The very first breeze at the birth of the morning!

When MORDAUNT, the myrtle, to love is in  
debt;  
When HONEY's the pride of the young mig-  
nonnette;  
When LEE shines the lily and NISBETT the  
rose,  
Even fabulous charms are transcended by  
those.

As gems of the garden, a redolent treasure!  
As blossoms of fancy that govern our pleasure,  
They here must be call'd in the code of our duties,  
The bevy of Graces, the garland of Beauties!

### CURIOUS WITCH STORY.

[Related, on his own knowledge, by Mr Barnett, author of 'Specimens of British Prose Writers.' The idea in the poor man's mind respecting the evidences of youth on the part of his assailant, would seem to imply, that some young women had really been playing him a trick, or at least endeavoured to get him out of his fit; for such we conceive to be the secret. The hair left in his hand (if any thing more than a fancy) might have been that of his own head, torn off during the convulsion.]

On the subject of witches, I can present the reader with a story, which places in a very striking light the possible illusion of the imagination, under the influence of superstitious opinion. It may be proper to premise, that a *witch*, in her quality of *night-mare*, is styled, in our popular superstition, a *hag*; and that, consequently, a person troubled with the *night-mare* is said to be *hag-ridden*.

About fifty years ago, there lived, at a village in Somersetshire, an old woman who was generally reputed a witch. Her body was dry, and bent with age; she supported her feeble steps with crutches. Her voice was hollow, of a mysterious, though hypocritical solemnity; and from her eye proceeded a glaring and a piercing light, which fixed the beholder in silent dread. Around the blazing hearth many a tale was told, and every tale believed, of goods stolen and cattle slain, by more than human means—how she prophesied of ill to come, and dire mishap; and that whatever was foretold in her dark forebodings, was sure to come to pass;—how, often on the back of a lusty cat, or broomstick vile, she traversed with lightning speed the field of air, to work her witcheries in foreign lands. No one had doubt she had doings with the devil.

A young man of the same village, at the age of one or two and twenty, and in the full vigour of health, began to receive all of a sudden the visits of the *night-mare*, every night, as regularly as he went to bed. The *sittings* were so weighty and so long continued, that his health was soon materially affected. In the course of three or four months, from a strong and ruddy youth, he became feeble, pale, and emaciated, and finally exhibited the external symptoms of a person in a deep decline. Neither he, however, nor his neighbours, to whom he communicated his case, had any doubts respecting the *real* cause of his sufferings.

In spite of the fears of superstition, he was a man of great resolution. He was resolved to lie in wait for the *hag*, awake. He resolved, and re-resolved; but, unfortunately, was always oppressed by sleep before the critical hour. At length, he succeeded. He continued *broad awake*; when, at dead of night, he distinctly heard on the stairs the sound of footsteps softly and cautiously ascending. He was all alive. He put his hands from under the bed-clothes in readiness to grasp his prey. She reached the foot of the bed, ascended, and proceeded gently and gradually along either leg. Advanced beyond the knee, she was preparing to fall with her leaden weight upon his breast. In an instant he leapt towards her, seized her with both his hands by the hair, and held her with convulsive strength. At the same moment he vociferated to his mother, who slept in an adjoining room, "Mother, I have caught the *hag*; bring me a light." The mother, in *certain faith*, flew down stairs for a candle.

Meanwhile the contest continued with furious violence between the son and *hag*, who dragged him out of bed; and the struggle was then continued on the floor with unabated rage. The candle was now kindled; but on the very first glimmer of its rays on the staircase, the *hag*, with a supernatural force, tore herself from his grasp, and vanished like lightning from his eager eyes. He was found by his mother standing on the floor of the chamber, almost breathless with the efforts he had used, and with both his hands full of hair.

On hearing the story, I eagerly inquired for the locks of hair. He replied without the slightest surprise or embarrassment: "Ay!—I was much to blame for not keeping the hair, for that would have identified her person beyond dispute. But in the hurry of my feelings, I let it drop on the floor; and she took especial care I should never see it more. But I so over-hauled her on this occasion, that she returned no more to torment me. It is curious (said he) that while I had her in my grasp, and was struggling with her, though I felt convinced who she must be, yet her breath and the whole of her person appeared to me like those of a blooming young woman."

The person to whom this very singular incident happened is still alive. I have heard the substance of the story, more than once, from his own mouth, and can therefore vouch for the truth of the effect, whatever we may think of the cause.



SUCCESSFUL DEFENCE OF MILTON'S  
VERSIFICATION

AGAINST THE CRITICISM OF DR JOHNSON.

From the New Edition of Milton, by Sir Egerton  
Brydges.

[We do not agree in every one of Sir Egerton's readings of the lines quoted in the following critique. We take the words *abominable*, *impenetrable*, for instance, to have been accented as they are now, and the beauty of the modulation to consist in the longer pause consequently made at the end of them; which produces an especially fine, shuddering effect, in the quotation marked No. 7, in which Milton is speaking of the horrid shapes in hell—

"Abominable,—unutterable,—and worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived."

Here is the very action of shuddering on these pauses, as if the shoulders were shrugging up, and the flesh creeping on the bones. But the remarks in almost every instance appear to us so well founded, so exact, and so triumphant, that we have been tempted to repeat the whole essay. And we have the pleasure of adding a curious corroboration of the charge against Dr Johnson's ear, in a quotation we have just met with, from one of Miss Seward's letters, which shows that he was a very poor reader of verse:—

"Dr Johnson (says Miss Seward) was a very indifferent reader of verse. One eternal monotony frustrated the intent of the poet, respecting the echo of sound to sense. Thus has he taught modern critics to think that the line Pope gave as an example of quick motion, yet of perfect smoothness, is, in reality, an harsh and dragging verse:

'Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along  
the main.'

But if the voice dwells, as it ought, in recitation, upon the words *flies* and *skims*, the exact effect is produced that Pope intended; it becomes the smoothest possible line, and presents an admirable picture to the ear, not only of a light swift nymph, but of a bird on quick, though unwinnowing pinion:

'Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along  
the main.'"]

Dr Johnson has written several pages on Milton's versification, which have been reprinted by Todd as an essay: the whole is written in Johnson's best manner; but I venture, however presumptuous it may appear, to assert that it is based on a theory wholly wrong. Johnson assumes, as many others have done, that the true heroic verse is the iambic; such as Dryden, Pope, and, I may add, Darwin, have brought to perfection; and that all variations from the iambic foot are irregularities, which may be pardonable for variety, but are still departures from the rule. Upon this ground, Milton is perpetually offending; and that which is among his primary beauties of metre is turned into a fault.

Let me be forgiven for my boldness in suggesting and exemplifying another theory of the great poet's versification, which I am convinced will be found a clew to the pronunciation of every part of his blank verse, and especially in 'Paradise Lost.'

I believe that Milton's principle was to introduce into his lines every variety of metrical foot which is to be found in the Latin poetry, especially in the lyrics of Horace; such as not merely iambic, but spondee, dactyl, trochee, anapest, &c., and that whoever reads his lines as if they were prose, and accents them as the sense would dictate, will find that they fall into one, or rather several of these feet; often ending like the Latin, with a half foot: wherever they do not, I doubt not that it arises from a different mode of accenting some word from that which was the usage in Milton's time. If there is any attempt to read Milton's verses as iambics, with a mere occasional variation of the trochee and the spondee, they will often sound very lame, instead of being, as they really are, magnificently harmonious.

If Johnson's rules are adopted, some of Milton's most tuneful lines become inharmonious; and, in the same degree, one of Cowley's, exquisite if properly scanned, but which Johnson exhibits as very faulty:—

And the soft wings of peace cover him round;—  
this, taken to be an iambic, is full of false quantities; but I assume the proper mode of scanning it to be this:—

And thē | sŏft wīngs | ōf pēace | cŏvēr hīm |  
round:

viz. first, a trochee; then a spondee; third, an iambic; fourth, a dactyl; fifth, a demi-foot. Thus Milton,

Partaken, and uncropt falls to the ground,  
should be scanned thus:—

Partā|kēn, and | ūncrōpt | fālls tō thē | grōund.

first, an iambic; second, an iambic; third, a spondee; fourth, a dactyl; fifth, a demi-foot.

Take the following:

Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,  
taste,  
which I accent thus:—

Of sēnsē | whērēbȳ | thēy hēar, | sēe, smēll, |  
touch, tāstē.

first, an iambic; second, a spondee; third, an iambic; fourth, a spondee; fifth, a spondee.

The following lines, cited by Johnson, I scan thus:—

1. Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.  
Wisdōm tō | fōllȳ, ās | nōūish|mēnt tō | wind.

2. No ungrateful food, and food alike those pure.  
Nō ūngrātē|fūl fōod, | ānd fōod | ālike | thōsē  
pūre.

3. For we have also our evening and our morn.  
Fōr wē | hāve ālsō | ōūr ēvē|nīng ānd | ōūr  
mōrn.

4. Inhospitably, and kills their infant males.  
Inhōs|pitā|blȳ, ānd kills | thēir īnfānt māles.

5. And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth.  
And vī|tāl vīr|tūē īnfusēd, | ānd vī|tāl wārmth.

6. God made thee of choice his own, and of his own.  
Gōd māde | thēē ōf chōice | hīs ōwn, | ānd ōf |  
hīs ōwn.

7. Abominable, unutterable, and worse.  
Abō|mīnā|blē, īūt|tērā|blē, ānd | wōrsē.

8. Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire.  
Impē|nētrā|blē, īm|pālēd wīth | cīrclīng | fire.

9. To none communicable in earth or heaven.  
Tō nōne | cōmmū|nicā|blē īn ēārth | ōr hēavēn.

10. In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore.  
In cūrls | ōn ēī|thēr chēek | plāy'd: wīngs | hē  
wōre.

11. Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood.  
Līēs thrōugh | thē pērplēx'd | pāths ōf | thīs  
drēar | wōod.

12. On him, who had stole Jove's authentick fire.  
Ōn hīm, | whō hād | stōlē Jōvē's | āuthēn|tīck  
fīre.

13. Universal reproach, far worse to bear.  
Unīvēr|sāl rē|prōach, fār | wōrsē tō | bēār.

14. With them from bliss to the bottomless deep.  
Wīth thēm | frōm blīss | tō thē | bōtōmlēss |  
dēep.

15. Present, thus to his son audibly spake.  
Prēsēt, | thūs tō | hīs sōn | āūdīblȳ | spākē.

16. Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart.  
Thȳ īn|gērīng, ōr | wīth ōne | strōke ōf | thīs  
dārt.

17. To do aught good never will be our task.  
Tō dō | āught gōd | nēvēr wīll | bē ōūr | tās̄k.

18. Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream.  
Crēā|tēd hūgēst, | thāt swīm | thē ō|cēān strēām.

19. Came singly where he stood on the bare strand.  
Cāme sīnglȳ whērē | hē stōod | ōn thē bāre |  
strānd.

20. Light from above, from the fountain of light.  
Līght frōm | ābōvē, | frōm thē | fōūntāīn ōf |  
līght.

21. Things not reveal'd, which the invisible king.  
Thīngs nōt | rēvēl'd, | whīch thē | īvīzī|blē  
kīng.

22. With their bright luminaries, that set and rose.  
Wīth thēir | brīght lū|mīnārīēs, thāt sēt | ānd  
rōsē.

Dr Johnson, assuming the iambic to be the true heroic measure of English poetry, says that Milton has seldom two pure lines together. So far from it, he has a long succession of lines in every book of unbroken harmony, if we allow the variety of feet which he undoubtedly adopted as a system. The critic's false principle of our verse continually leads him to blame as faulty what in truth is harmonious: thus, having said that the elision of one vowel before another beginning the next word is contrary to the genius of our language, he is often driven to make this elision by his false rule; as in this line,—

Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Here he cuts off the last syllable of "folly" before "as:" but the verse, properly scanned, does not require it to be cut off:

Wisdōm | tō fōllȳ ās nōū|rīshmēnt | tō wīnd.

All that Johnson says, as to the principle to be adopted on varying the pauses in parts of a verse, or

of two or more verses taken together, seems to be whimsical and unfounded; but if true, would go to render faulty what is the real spell of Milton's sonorous variety of harmony. He asserts that there can be no metrical harmony in a succession of less than three syllables, and that every pause ought in itself to have metrical harmony; and therefore that the pause on a monosyllable at the commencement of a line is bad. This would condemn some of Milton's most musical lines. The truth is, that Milton's paragraphs contain a succession of varied pauses "linked together" with the most perfect skill; and in not one of the places, where they are censured by the critic, are they any other than beautiful or grand. In almost every case, the sense demands that we should lay the accent where the metre demands it, unless we insist upon pure iambics.

That I may not be considered unjust to Johnson, I cite a specimen of his remarks in his own words: "When a single syllable is cut off from the rest, it must either be united to the line with which the sense connects it, or sounded alone: if it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony; if disjoined, it must stand alone, and with regard to music, be superfluous; for there is no harmony in a single sound, because it has no proportion to another:—"

Hypocrites austerely talk,

Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all.

Here the emphatic word "pure" \* derives double force from its position. The other passages next cited by Johnson are pre-eminently beautiful. I am utterly astonished at Johnson's want of ear and of taste on this occasion.

Todd very justly says, that "the fineness of Milton's pauses, and flow of his verses into each other, eminently appears in the very entrance of his 'Paradise Lost,' in the first lines of which, the same numbers, in every respect, are hardly once repeated; as Mr Say has observed in his 'Remarks on the Numbers of Paradise Lost,' 1745, p. 126."

But as Johnson can never write long without writing some things justly and powerfully, I cannot refrain from citing the following passages:—

"It has been long observed, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined; different in different minds, and diversified by time and place," &c.

"It is in many cases apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful, because they have something, which we agree, for whatever reason, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accustomed to find it in other things of the same kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increases, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view. Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau justly remarks, that the books which have stood the test of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has suffered, from the various evolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary customs, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boast; because the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties and agreeable to nature.

"It is, however, the task of criticism to establish principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to distinguish those means of pleasing which depend upon known causes and rational deduction, from the nameless and inexplicable elegances which appeal wholly to the fancy; from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it; and which may well be termed the enchantresses of the soul. Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription."

Johnson, no doubt, did right in endeavouring to establish principles and rules with regard to versification; but wrong principles do more harm than none at all. Either Johnson is on this subject wrong, or Milton is a very bad versifier: I do not think that any man of taste, or a tolerable ear, will in these days adopt the latter opinion: I do not believe that any one will endure the monotony of the pure iambic couplet carried beyond twenty or thirty lines. The occasional intermixture of the metrical feet of the ancients, judiciously applied, distinguishes Milton's blank verse from all other in our language. Iambic blank verse, or that which approaches to iambic, or even a mixed spondaic, wants all its force and diversity; or often becomes languid and diffuse, without the variety of musical prose.

As Milton's style is always condensed and full of matter, it may be said to have a tendency to harshness; for there is no doubt that our language is too much loaded with consonants, especially in our nouns and verbs; but if properly pronounced, there is no poetical author who has more sonorous or soft verses. At the same time, it must be admitted, that he has less fluency than Shakespeare, or even Spenser; but certainly more nerve and strength than either of them. Shakespeare has a more idiomatic combination

\* Todd has cited an excellent observation, contrary to this, from T. Sheridan's 'Lectures on the Art of Reading,' vol. ii. p. 234.

of words, with a simple, beautiful, and spell-like colloquiality: Milton's combinations are new, learned, and often, perhaps too often, latinised: he is never trite: his mind always appears in full tension, and apart from the vulgar and the light.

### CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXXII.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THIS is a play as full of genius as it is of wisdom. Yet there is an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it. "The height of moral argument" which the author has maintained in the intervals of passion or blended with the more powerful impulses of nature, is hardly surpassed in any of his plays. But there is in general a want of passion; the affections are at a stand; our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions. The only passion which influences the story is that of Angelo; and yet he seems to have a much greater passion for hypocrisy than for his mistress. Neither are we greatly enamoured of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not act otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is "sublimely good" at another's expense, as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial. As to the Duke, who makes a very imposing and mysterious stage-character, he is more absorbed in his own plots and gravity than anxious for the welfare of the state; more tenacious of his own character than attentive to the feelings and apprehensions of others. Claudio is the only person who feels naturally; and yet he is placed in circumstances of distress which almost preclude the wish for his deliverance. Mariana is also in love with Angelo, whom we hate. In this respect, there may be said to be a general system of cross-purposes between the feelings of the different characters and the sympathy of the reader or the audience. This principle of repugnance seems to have reached its height in the character of Master Barnardine, who not only sets at defiance the opinions of others, but has even thrown off all self-regard,—"one that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, and to come." He is a fine antithesis to the morality and the hypocrisy of the other characters of the play. Barnardine is Caliban transported from Prospero's wizard island to the forests of Bohemia or the prisons of Vienna. He is the creature of bad habits, as Caliban is of gross instincts. He has however a strong notion of the natural fitness of things, according to his own sensations—"He has been drinking hard all night, and he will not be hanged that day"—and Shakespeare has let him off at last. We do not understand why the philosophical German critic, Schlegel, should be so severe on those pleasant persons, Lucio, Pompey, and Master Froth, as to call them "wretches." They appear all mighty comfortable in their occupations, and determined to pursue them, "as the flesh and fortune should serve." A very good exposure of the want of self-knowledge and contempt for others, which is so common in the world, is put into the mouth of Abhorson, the jailor, when the Provost proposes to associate Pompey with him in his office—"A bawd, sir? Fi! upon him, he will discredit our mystery." And the same answer would serve in nine instances out of ten to the same kind of remark, "Go to, sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale." Shakespeare was in one sense the least moral of all writers; for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature, in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations. The object of the pedantic moralist is to find out the bad in everything: his was to show that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil." Even Master Barnardine is not left to the mercy of what others think of him; but when he comes in, speaks for himself, and pleads his own cause, as well as if counsel had been assigned him. In one sense, Shakespeare was no moralist at all: in another, he was the

greatest of all moralists. He was a moralist in the same sense in which nature is one. He taught what he had learnt from her. He showed the greatest knowledge of humanity with the greatest fellow-feeling for it.

One of the most dramatic passages in the present play is the interview between Claudio and his sister, when she comes to inform him of the conditions on which Angelo will spare his life.

CLAUDIO. Let me know the point.

ISABELLA. O, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

CLAUDIO. Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness; if I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA. There spake my brother! there my father's grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips you i' the head, and follies doth emmew,  
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil.

CLAUDIO. The princely Angelo?

ISABELLA. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed?

CLAUDIO. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

ISABELLA. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank offence,

So to offend him still: this night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

CLAUDIO. Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA. Oh, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO. Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUDIO. Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?  
When he would force it, sure it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISABELLA. Which is the least?

CLAUDIO. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably find? Oh, Isabel!

ISABELLA. What says my brother?

CLAUDIO. Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The warriest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA. Alas! alas!

CLAUDIO. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

What adds to the dramatic beauty of this scene and the effect of Claudio's passionate attachment to life is, that it immediately follows the Duke's lecture to him, in the character of the Friar, recommending an absolute indifference to it.

— "Reason thus with life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences  
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;  
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,  
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;  
And what thou hast forget'st: thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon; if thou art rich, thou art poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee: friend thou hast none;  
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth,  
nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied old; and when thou art old, and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even."

### FINE ARTS, &c.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. With Imaginative Designs by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. Vol. VI. John Macrone.

THIS volume completes the edition; it contains two designs by Turner,—'The Temptation on the Pinnacle,' a sort of ornate literality, a cabinet-maker's beatification, and anything but imaginative. The other, 'St Michael's Mount—the Shipwreck of Lycidas,' is more fanciful, but spoiled by an overweening mannerism. The artist holds the storm of nature, the mere convulsions of the ocean, to be child's play, compared with the warring elements which are under the command of his sable pencil.

The whole set of Mr Turner's designs have now passed under review; the perfection of character claimed for them by the worthy publisher (the sincerity of whose enthusiasm, however, we do not mean to disrespect) compels us to say that they certainly exhibit a mortifying contradiction to it. His opinion, however, is but a specimen, though a glaring one, of the mistake made by Mr Turner and his admirers; a mistake which has spoiled a really fine artist. Not imagination, but a vivid fidelity, is the leading characteristic of the artist's best productions, in which he frequently has approached the brilliancy, if not the solidity, of nature herself; surely no mean attainment. He chose, however, to assume the virtue of imagination, and he repudiated Nature, who might have continued his best benefactress. He judged that to contradict Nature was to be superior to it; a common error with minds, which, lacking the faculty of imagination, are obliged to guess at its real qualities; and not perceiving the refined but most intimate connexion between the remotest imagination and the most familiar nature, believe that there is none, but that imagination is necessarily apart from nature, and its creations distinct from their glorious prototypes. From portraying the features of the mighty Dame, Mr Turner has most ungratefully and irreverently taken to making pompous caricatures of her; and his admirers tell him that his caricatures ennoble the original.

*The First of September.* Painted by R. W. Buss. Engraved by Jas. Stubbs. Arthur Graves.

AN elderly gentleman, in his gown and slippers, accoutred with fowling-piece and shot-belt, gouty and hale, attended by his sporting dogs, is wheeled out in his merlin chair by a black boy, who cannot help indulging his risible propensities at his master's back, under cover of his hat. One of the dogs is making a point, and the excitement of the old sportsman's face,—expectation and hope, tempered by uneasiness and gouty confinement,—is natural and ludicrous. It is not one of Mr Buss's best painted jokes; but it is laughable and amusing, and executed with spirit and feeling. The attitude of the black-boy wants clearness, from the action of



the left leg not being well expressed. The plate is very excellently engraved; the substances are well discriminated, and the painter's style is very happily imitated. It is a pleasant bit of not ill-natured satire, and suitable to the parlour of the sportsman who can take a joke in good part; and, much as we differ with their hostility to the beautiful creatures that enjoy and enrich the earth, we know there are many hearty good fellows among that jovial and blood-thirsty company. They merely want a little more habit of consideration.

*I Riposi, Manuale Italiano, pe' Forestieri. The Italian Manual for Self-Tuition, &c. By Smeraldo Bugni. Printed for the Author. Whittaker and Co.*

SIGNOR BUGNI has endeavoured to imitate the sounds of the Italian by parallel English sounds, after the fashion of a pronouncing dictionary. His plan is extremely ingenious; but a perfect success we hold to be impossible, as the two languages have perhaps not a single vowel sound in common; not to mention all the difference of tone, inflexion, accent, cadence, and the like. The author would have done well to have got some Englishman to revise his work; for although he seems familiar with the language, many idiomatic inaccuracies have crept in to the English portion, owing apparently to his having resided chiefly in the northern part of our island.

The Manual, however, is full of pains-taking, and that enthusiasm which all men must have if they would make good teachers; and he presses poetry and prose into his service in gallant style. In fact, we doubt whether the work would have enabled us to acquire the language; but we take it as so good an evidence of the ability of the writer, that we should unhesitatingly apply to him in person if we wished to procure good instruction.

#### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XCIV.—THE STORY OF CONCY.\*

THIS has been told in various shapes of fiction; and Mr Dunlop has tacitly assumed it to be one itself, and calls the bequest of the lover's heart to his mistress a "singular present." But, in truth, the bequest of a heart has been no very uncommon one in the history of mankind; and the story is not only claimed to be an actual occurrence by other writers, but is one of those, the very excess of which being founded in the depths of human passion, is less likely to have been invented than to have taken place. It is also, like similar stories, more interesting in its true shape than in its fictitious, even though Boccaccio has told it; for there is real love in the authentic account; whereas, in the other, we are not sure there was any love at all—that is to say, anything but mere intrigue.

James Howell, the author of the first letters published in English, is the writer from whom we take it; not, however, from his own book, but from Burnett's 'Specimens of English Prose Writers,' vol. iii. p. 248. It forms the subject of a letter, the more curious, inasmuch as it is addressed to Ben Jonson, and shows that Howell was one of the men of letters of that day, who, agreeably to a pleasant custom they had, in honour of the great critical poet, applied to him to be called his "sons."

The following note is appended to the story:—This is a true story, and happened about the year 1180. It is related by Fauchet at large, from an old authentic French chronicle; and he then adds, *Ainsi finirent les amours du Chastelain du Conci et de la dame de Faiel*.—Regnarde de Conci was famous for his chivalry and chivalry, though still more for his unfortunate love, which, in the old French romances, became proverbial. This affecting story gave rise to an old metrical English romance, entitled 'The Knight of Courtesy,' and was woven in tapestry in Concy Castle, in France.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER,  
MR B. JONSON.

Father Ben,  
BEING lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a

knowing gentleman, who related to me a choice story, which, peradventure, you may make use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Concy, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and keeper of Concy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced match betwixt her and one Monsieur Fayel, who was a great heir. Captain Concy hereupon quitted France in great discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound, not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodging, he languished some days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder; then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Fayel's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Fayel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain Concy's servant; and finding him timorous and faltering in his speech, he searched him and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein: he dismissed the bearer, with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Monsieur Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel told all to avoid the room; and began a serious discourse with his wife. Since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided her a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her: therefore he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last, she had eaten Concy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note, and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, *This is a precious cordial indeed; and so licked the dish, saying, It is so precious that 'tis a pity to put ever any meat upon it.* So she went to bed, and in the morning was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me this sad story is painted in Concy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which veils to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.

I thank you for the last regale you gave me at your museum, and for the good company. I heard you censured lately at court, that you have lighted two-fold upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am, in no common way of friendship,

Yours, J. H.

Westminster, May 3, 1635.

#### TABLE TALK.

FRIGHTFUL SUPERSTITION.

I have heard imperfectly preserved stories of a lady dressed in green, and bearing a goblin child in her arms, who used to wander in the night time from cottage to cottage, when all the inhabitants

were asleep. She would raise the latch, it is said, take up her place by the fire, fan the embers into a flame, and then wash her child in the blood of the youngest inmate of the cottage, who would be found dead next morning.—*Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.*

#### RIGHT OF JUDGMENT.

A man has as much right to use his own eyes in judging of truth, as he has a right to use his own eyes to see his way; therefore it is no offence to another, that any man uses his own right.—*Whitchcote.*

#### A PLEASANT, STRAIGHTFORWARD CLERGYMAN.

Within a mile of Farthinghoe stands a beautiful little church, near to which, in my memory, stood the ancient and hospitable mansion-house of Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, and thither the bishop came to reside. Being a temporal and spiritual peer, and keeping open house, he was visited by all ranks of people far and near, and particularly by the clergy; but it so happened that my father, the nearest of his neighbours, omitted to pay his respects at Steane. The Bishop, who was a proud, stately prelate, was hurt to find a respectable clergyman, whose residence was so very near him, to be so singularly remiss, and therefore sent Mr Grey, his domestic chaplain, to visit my father, and to fish for the cause of what certainly seemed a slight, but which in fact was not omitted from any want of attention to his Lordship. It so happened, that before Mr Grey had seen my father, he had met my sister, an object which attracted much of his attention, and when he came into my father's study, instead of disclosing his business, he asked my father whether a young lady he had seen in the court yard was his daughter? My father informed him he had two daughters, and that probably it might. "Bless me!" said Mr Grey, "it makes my heart leap to see so fine a girl in a country village." This so offended my father, that he felt disposed to have made his body and heart leap together out of his study, had he not quickly perceived my father's disapprobation of so novel a mode of address. He then explained his errand, and my father finding him to be an ingenious man, began to feel as much partiality to the young parson, as the parson had conceived for his youngest daughter. Mr Grey repeated his visits, and before my sister was well out of her white frock, she became the rector of Hinton's wife, where she may be seen at this day (1788), in her 84th year, with many traces remaining, of that beauty which so suddenly caught the attention of her departed husband. Nor can I omit repeating a singular kind of joint compliment Mr Grey paid, the day he had obtained (for it was not easily obtained) my father and mother's consent, to fix that of his happiness. When walking with my sister and mother in the garden, he led her upon the grass plot, and after walking round and round her several times, and admiring her person, "Well," said he, "Miss Joyce, I own you are too good for me; but at the same time I think myself too good for any body else."—*Thickness's Memoirs.*

\* Dr Grey had also the rectory of Kincote in Leicestershire, was a Prebend of St Paul's, and Archdeacon of Leicester. His connection with Lord Crew probably shut him out of a mitre. He died, however, rich, and left three daughters; the eldest is married to Dr Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, and well known for her genius in working in worsted. Lord Crew was a staunch friend to the abdicated family, and as he lay dying upon the marble hearth before the fire, he called out several times to my brother, saying, "Dick, don't you go over to them—don't you go over to them."—*Note by the Author.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Salt fish" instead of "sea-water," is undoubtedly the right reading in Madame de Sevigné's account of the death of Vatel; as we had discovered before hearing from our obliging friend EASEL. We unfortunately were compelled to take our extract from an execrable translation of her letters, and had not time to seek for the original.

Our friend Bookworm, who favoured our pages with so many articles, will find a packet addressed to him at the publisher's, if he will have the goodness to send for it.

The new edition of the Tragedy, and the letter of Mr J. W. were most welcome.

A variety of extracts from New Works—Miss Landon's,—Ion, &c., are obliged to stand over till next week.

We are sorry that our avocations do not enable us to comply with the request of Mr M. V.

Upon looking into the correspondence which has accumulated during our absence, we do not find that the letters in general are such as to require answers. If we have omitted to notice any that do, the writers will be kind enough to take the trouble of letting us know.

# THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## WILLIS'S PENCILINGS.

*Pencilings by the Way.* By N. P. Willis, Esq., Author of 'Melanie,' the 'Slingsby Papers,' &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. Pp. 352, 368, and 278. Macrone. London: 1835.

THERE is so much cleverness in this book, and also so much that is really amiable and excellent in the spirit in which it is written, that we are very sorry there should be anything to censure in the proceeding by which it has been given to the world. Yet the author has certainly exposed himself to some fair animadversions, by the heedlessness (to call it no worse) of a part of his conduct. Upon reflection, indeed, he seems to be sensible of this himself. "The extracts from these Letters," he says, "which have appeared in the public prints, have drawn upon me much severe censure. Admitting its justice in part, perhaps I may be allowed to shield myself from its remaining excess by a slight explanation. During several years' residence in Continental and Eastern countries, I have had opportunities (as *attaché* to a foreign legation) of seeing phases of society and manners not usually described in books of travels. Having been the editor, before leaving the United States, of a Monthly Review, I found it both profitable and agreeable to continue my interest in the periodical in which that Review was merged, at my departure, by a miscellaneous correspondence. Foreign courts, distinguished men, royal entertainments, &c. &c.—matters which were likely to interest American readers more particularly,—have been in turn my themes. The distance of America from these countries, and the ephemeral nature and usual obscurity of periodical correspondence, were a sufficient warrant to my mind, that my descriptions would die where they first saw the light, and fulfil only the trifling destiny for which they were intended. I indulged myself, therefore, in a freedom of detail and topic which is usual only in posthumous memoirs." As for the appearance of the Letters in their present form, again, we are indebted for that to the circumstance that two editions of them were already in the press, printed from the imperfect copies which the publishers had obtained from periodical works. In resolving, therefore, upon putting forth a corrected and enlarged edition, superintended by himself, the author conceived that he chose the least of the two evils; and, no doubt, also,—having a sharp eye, as he allows us to understand, for the profitable as well as the picturesque,—he at the same time best consulted in this way, those considerations of *interest* to which he tells us he finds it to be so agreeable to attend. "*Omnis tulit punctum*," quoth Horace, "*qui miscuit utile dulci*:" and for our own parts we certainly shall not refuse our point of admiration to the observance by a poet of a rule of his art, which the generality of the brotherhood, we fear, are too much given to neglect.

An *attaché* of legation, and a poet, combined in one,—to say nothing of his standing six feet high in his stockings—(which last, by the bye, from all that we can learn, is the one of his memorabilia by which he appears to have left the greatest impression here,) Mr Willis, we must think, was quite a sufficiently formidable personage in society, without practising also, under the rose, as a reporter of people's after-dinner talk for the magazines. However, if he chose, for the pleasure and the profit of the thing together, to turn his opportunities to account in this way, he was certainly bound to exercise the very greatest discretion in the exceedingly delicate and hazardous occupation he had taken up. In one instance, at least, he has certainly been to a very strange degree inconsiderate, and forgetful of the obligations under which every man mixing in civilized society places himself. We allude to one of the samples of table-talk given in his third volume, in which a certain distinguished Irish politician is so roughly rubbed down by a certain distinguished Irish poet. Things of this kind

really are not spoken, like harangues in the House of Commons, to be immediately taken down in shorthand, and sent to the press. This, however, we must say, is by far the worst blunder of the kind in the book, and indeed is almost the only thing in it which is very offensive on the same score. But even when nothing of this dangerous sort is perpetrated, people do not like to have every thing about them described to all the world in the advertising fashion of this letter-writer. Nor does it, we conceive, mend the matter at all, that the thing is done merely by a traveller from a distant part of the globe, who addresses his accounts of us only to his own countrymen. It is treating us like a parcel of savages ferretted out in some obscure isle of the South Seas, to note down and carry away our most domestic sayings and doings at this rate, with the names of individuals, and all the rest, as so much new *matériel* to assist the reading public of America in studying the philosophy of human nature. Above all, it must tend to destroy all ease, all nature, all social abandonment and enjoyment in our private meetings, if it is to become an every-day practice for any travelling gentleman, whether foreigner or native, who may chance to come among us, to bring his tablets and sketch-book along with him, and turn all he sees and hears into 'Pencilings by the way.'

The present writer is evidently an abundantly good-natured person; but he has unfortunately got into a quarrel with the editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' about whom he puts himself more than once into a violent passion—a part in which, like other good-natured people, he is not made to shine. By far the silliest thing in his book is the passage in the body of it about Mr Lockhart. Think of our pencilling *attaché* suddenly breaking out to that gentleman's old and intimate friend, Professor Wilson, whose guest he was at the time, in answer to the Professor's question, "Do you know Lockhart?" in the following extraordinary fashion: "No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend." This is sufficiently ridiculous in every way. With one or two exceptions, the literary men and women whom Mr Willis by his own showing appears to have met with in London were all of that particular order of literati which we may call the—butterfly order. If, except only Mr Thomas Moore and Charles Lamb, he met with any others, he does not think them worth mentioning. But indeed with poor Lamb, the only time he saw him, he seems to have been vastly more bewildered than edified. What are we to make of the following strange scene? "Mr R. spoke of buying a book of Lamb's, and I mentioned my having bought a copy of 'Elia' the last day I was in America, to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in our country.—'What did you give for it?' said Lamb.—'About seven and sixpence.'—'Permit me to pay you that,' said he; and with the utmost earnestness he counted out the money upon the table." Our author does not tell us whether or no he pocketed the silver; but had he been dilating to Lamb, too, upon his taste for mixing the pleasant with the profitable, that he should have been treated in this way? It looks as if some such thing had taken place from what immediately follows:—"I never yet wrote anything that would sell," he continued; "I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr Willis?" I had not. "It's only eighteen-pence, and I'll give you sixpence toward it;" and he described to me where I should find it sticking up in a window in the Strand." Or was all this only intended as an indirect compliment to the sharp practice, and vigilant eye for the main chance, for which our author's countrymen generally

have so high a reputation? Or perhaps Mr Willis's "talented woman" frightened or shocked poor Lamb's sensitive English ear; and apprehensive of "geniused men" coming next, he would gladly have bought him off, as it were, at the cost of a few shillings. For, as to the new poem to be had at a certain shop window in the Strand, we presume that this was merely one of Elia's All-Fool's day tricks. However, our author did not take the scent—and after a little while, "Lamb," says he, "left the table, and began to wander round the room with a broken, uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one leg before the other. (Was ever a man tired to death of his company *pencilled* more to the life?) His sister rose after a while, and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner, on the opposite side of the table; and in the course of half an hour they took their leave."

To return to the passage about Mr Lockhart. Has any of Mr Willis's prose or poetry ever been spoken slightly of in the 'Quarterly Review,' that people in conversing with him 'avoided any commendation of the editor of that journal? It is at any rate very weak in him to take up on that account the notion he does about that gentleman, and still more weak to put down such an absurdity in his book. But worse remains behind. His host, civilly allowing the above-quoted tirade to expend itself in the air, only replied, "Yes, there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men,—and so he appears in private life always." On this, our author rejoined as follows:—"Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning [to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray don't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, Sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that we are not considered a very polite nation in France.' Nothing certainly could be more ill-bred and insulting."

Who is there that if he were to read no more of Mr Willis's book than this precious passage, would not set him down for an absolute ninny? His story, he may be assured, will only get him laughed at in this country. It is in the whole conception (misconception, rather), and also in the manner of the narration, in the present style of the servant's hall. "In one instance—one single instance," he says in his preface, "I indulged myself in stricture upon individual character, and I repeat it in *this work*, sure that there will be but one person in the world of letters who will not read it with approbation—the editor of the 'Quarterly' himself." This wholesale style of assertion is our traveller's manner. We have already had two instances, in the statement that Mr Lockhart was almost the only literary man in London he had not met with—and that in the universal literary world of the metropolis, not one individual is to be found who will speak well of that gentleman, or even pretend to be his friend. So here again we have, "I but repeated what I had said a thousand times, and never without an indignant echo to its truth." A thousand indignant echoes of the same sentiment! Observations, however true, so often reiterated, are not wont to prove so exciting. Did Mr Willis practise his repetitions in the whispering gallery at St Paul's? Then again: "We owe to the 'Quarterly,' it is well known, every spark of ill-feeling that has been kept alive between England and America for the last twenty years." Unless the editor of the 'Quarterly' has been at work in a great many hitherto unsuspected shapes, and Mrs Trollope her-



self is only that gentleman in disguise, this is a little too much. As for the recrimination of Mr Lockhart, in the reference to 'Peter's Letters' as a more aggravated book of personalities than the present (which was denounced in the last number of the 'Quarterly Review'), the retort is fair enough; but still it is to be remembered that the imputation of an abuse of hospitality, which is the heaviest part of the charge urged by the reviewer, is not applicable in regard to that case. We must say, however, that we think it would have been quite in as good taste in the editor of the 'Quarterly,' to have let our author and his Pencillings alone, considering the degree in which he was individually involved in the matter, and not to have taken an opportunity of avenging a personal injury under the appearance of performing a public duty. And Mr Willis, on the other hand, should not have so far given way to his irritation at having his book cut up as to permit himself to talk in the rampant way he does about bravos in literature and reptiles in criticism, and the duty under which he conceives himself to lie of setting his heel upon the latter wherever he finds them. He says this is his duty as a literary man, and as an American; but people are apt to doubt the perfect purity of these big professions where minor incentives, whose names are not quite so sonorous, may be naturally supposed to be present and at work. Mr Willis thinks everybody, excepting only the editor of the 'Quarterly,' will be delighted with all this. He may be assured the more sensible of his own friends will read it with at least as much disapprobation and pain as that gentleman can possibly feel upon the occasion.

We have spoken our mind more freely of what appears to us to disfigure the book, both because there is really, as we have said, a great deal of talent in it, and because it is as attractive and engaging in its general spirit and temper as it is clever and amusing. The angry vituperation, indeed, which meets us in the Preface is in almost ludicrously violent contrast with the tone of the whole of the rest of the work—with the good humour and disposition to be pleased, which the writer carries everywhere with him, and the buoyant enthusiasm with which he seeks and finds a soul of goodness and beauty in all things. We cannot say that he is a very deep thinker, or that he sees farther into a mill-stone than his neighbours; but he pencils the outside appearances, at least, of the worlds both of nature and of society, with great dexterity and success, and frequently also throws over his sketches a poetic glow, which animates old facts with a new life. His sympathies are quick, warm, and comprehensive; and notwithstanding the somewhat ambiguous position to which he had been led to commit himself, it is fair to say that there is nothing but what is honourable and elevated in the general cast of the opinions and feelings to which he gives expression.

The three volumes contain about eighty letters, written in succession from Paris, Nice, Florence, Naples, Rome, Pisa, Elba, Vienna, Trieste, Corfu, Napoli, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Bologna, Parma, Milan, Geneva, Paris (again), London, Edinburgh, Gordon Castle, in Aberdeenshire, Loch Katherine, and numerous intermediate stations. Our traveller, it will thus be perceived, to say nothing of his transit of the Atlantic, has taken a pretty wide sweep through our hemisphere, and seen not a little of what is most interesting that old Europe and older Asia have to show. We will now allow him to show himself, and first for a specimen of his adventures in foreign parts. We need not much mind where we open the book; for there is scarcely a dull page in it from the beginning to the end. Let us take then the following passage from one of the letters from Greece:—

"ISLAND OF EGINA.—'The Maid of Athens,' in the very teeth of poetry, has become *Mrs Black of Egina*! The beautiful Teresa Makri—of whom Byron asked back his heart, of whom Moore and Hobhouse, and the poet himself have written so much and so passionately,—has forgotten the sweet

burden of the sweetest of love-songs, and taken the unromantic name of a Scotchman!

"The Commodore proposed that we should call upon her on our way to the temple of Jupiter, this morning. We pulled up to the town in the barge, and landed on the handsome pier built by Dr Howe, (who expended thus, most judiciously, a part of the provisions sent from our country in his charge,) and, finding a Greek in the crowd, who understood a little Italian, we were soon on our way to Mrs Black's. Our guide was a fine grave-looking man of forty, with a small cockade on his red cap, which indicated that he was, some way, in the service of the government. He laid his hand on his heart, when I asked him if he had known any Americans in Egina. 'They built this,' said he, pointing to the pier, the handsome granite posts of which we were passing at the moment. 'They gave us bread and meat, and clothing, when we should otherwise have perished.' It was said with a look and tone that thrilled me. I felt as if the whole debt of sympathy which Greece owes our country, were repaid by this one energetic expression of gratitude.

"We stopped opposite a small gate, and the Greek went in with our cards. It was a small stone house of a story and a half, with a rickety flight of wooden steps at the side, and not a blade of grass or sign of a flower in court or window. If there had been but a geranium in the porch, or a rose-tree by the gate, for description's sake!

"Mr Black was out—Mrs Black was in. We walked up the creaking steps, with a Scotch terrier barking and snapping at our heels, and were met at the door by really a very pretty woman. She smiled as I apologized for our intrusion, and a sadder or a sweeter smile I never saw. She said her welcome in a few simple words of Italian, and I thought there were few sweeter voices in the world. I asked her if she had not learned English yet. She coloured, and said 'No, Signore!' and the deep red spot in her cheek faded gradually down, in tints a painter would remember. Her husband, she said, had wished to learn her language, and would never let her speak English.

"I wished to ask her of Lord Byron, but I had heard that the poet's admiration had occasioned the usual scandal attendant on every kind of pre-eminence, and her modest and timid manners, while they assured me of her purity of heart, made me afraid to venture where there was even a possibility of wounding her. She sat in a drooping attitude on a coarsely-covered divan, which occupied three sides of the little room, and it was difficult to believe that any eye but her husband's had ever looked upon her, or that the 'wells of her heart' had ever been drawn upon for anything deeper than the simple duties of a wife and mother.

"She offered us some sweetmeats, the usual Greek compliment to visitors, as we rose to go, and laying her hand upon her heart, in the beautiful custom of the country, requested me to express her thanks to the commodore for the honour he had done her in calling, and to wish him and his family every happiness. A servant girl, very shabbily dressed, stood at the side door, and we offered her some money, which she might have taken unnoticed. She drew herself up very coldly, and refused it, as if she thought we had quite mistaken her. In a country where gifts of the kind are so universal, it spoke well for the pride of the family, at least.

"I turned, after we had taken leave, and made an apology to speak to her again; for, in the interest of the general impression she had made upon me, I had forgotten to notice her dress, and I was not sure that I could remember a single feature of her face. We had called unexpectedly, of course, and her dress was very plain. A red cloth cap bound about the temples, with a coloured shawl, whose folds were mingled with large braids of dark-brown hair, and decked with a tassel of blue silk, which fell to her left shoulder, formed her head-dress. In other respects she was dressed like an European. She is a little above the middle height, slightly and well formed, and

walks weakly, like most Greek women, as if her feet were too small for her weight. Her skin is dark and clear, and she has a colour in her cheek and lips that looks to me consumptive. Her teeth are white and regular, her face oval, and her forehead and nose form the straight line of the Grecian model—one of the few instances I have ever seen of it. Her eyes are large, and of a soft, liquid hazel, and this is her chief beauty. There is that 'looking out of the soul through them,' which Byron always described as constituting the loveliness that most moved him. I made up my mind as we walked away, that she would be a lovely woman any where. Her horrid name, and the unprepossessing circumstances in which we found her, had uncharmed, I thought, all poetical delusion that would surround her as the 'Maid of Athens.' We met her as simple Mrs Black, whose Scotch husband's terrier had worried us at her door; and we left her, feeling that the poetry which she had called forth from the heart of Byron was her due by every law of loveliness."

We must now add a sample from the sketches of ourselves; though the most remarkable passages in this part of the book are probably familiar to many of our readers from the quotations that have been given in the 'Quarterly Review' and other publications. We will venture, however, to throw together a few fragments. Mr Willis, it will be perceived, writes of England and the English in a very generous spirit. "Fortunate," he says himself, "in my introductions, almost embarrassed with kindness, and from advantages of comparison gained by long travel, qualified to appreciate keenly the peculiar delights of English society, I was little disposed to find fault. Everything pleased me." The following passages are from the letters descriptive of London:—

"From the top of Shooter's Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half-enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. 'That is St. Paul's!' there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower! What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

"From Blackheath (seven or eight miles from the centre of London), the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park; but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hands-breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, very sweet faces bent over lapsful of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an affectionateness in the mere outside of every one of them.

"After crossing Waterloo Bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a 'jarvey' at the coach-office, and in half-an-hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James's street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. 'Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,' however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London."

"We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the handsomest street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples; the Corso of Rome; the Kohl-market of Vienna; the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings—though all of the same scale and material—and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with anything between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included. It is the custom for the King's tradesmen to illuminate their shops on his Majesty's birth-night, and the principal streets on our return were in a blaze of light. The crowd was immense. None but the lower order seemed abroad; and I cannot describe to you the effect on my feelings on hearing my own language spoken by every man, woman, and child about me.

It seemed a completely foreign country in every other respect—different from what I had imagined; different from my own and all that I had seen; and coming to it at last, it seemed to me the farthest off and strangest country of all; and yet the little sweep, who went laughing through the crowd, spoke a language that I had heard attempted in vain by thousands of educated people, and that I had grown to consider next to unattainable by others, and almost useless to myself. Still, it did not make me feel at home. Everything else about me was too new. It was like some mysterious change in my own ears—a sudden power of comprehension, such as a man might feel who was cured suddenly of deafness. You can scarcely enter into my feelings till you have had the changes of French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Illyrian, and the mixtures and dialects of each, rung upon your hearing almost exclusively, as I have for years. I wandered about as if I were exercising some supernatural faculty in a dream."

"The soup vanished in the busy silence that befalls it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady B—led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William G—, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in anything he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr H— and said, 'Who was that you said wanted to see me?' The Doctor explained, 'I'll go,' said he; 'they shall see me if they wish it;' and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and, forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed; kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on; but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed."

"Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to M—, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. 'Scott,' he said, 'was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whiskey at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system: his constitution was Herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner party, with Sir Thomas Lawrence, to meet Scott at another place. We had hardly entered the room, when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of every thing. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs M— a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'Oh, I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible."

To these delineations of the English metropolis, we add the following sketch of Edinburgh:—

"It is an odd place, Edinburgh. The Old Town and the New are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across

this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. 'Auld Reekie' itself looks built on the back bone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented Castle, whose base is literally on a mountain-top in the midst of the city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood House; and between this and the Castle runs a single street, part of which is the old Canongate. Princes' street, the Broadway of the New Town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Canongate, and from every part of Edinburgh these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well-paved streets, columns, statues, and clean side-walks, thinly promenaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population;—and on the other, an antique wilderness of 'streets and 'wynds,' so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of Heaven; a thronging, busy, and particularly dirty population; side-walks almost impassable from children and other respected nuisances: and altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinburgh is unlike the other. 'Nature has properly placed 'a great gulf' between them."

"We toiled up to the Castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinburgh, to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the Campagna. We looked down on the surging sea of architecture below us; and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy, Glenlivet-born, in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war-horse rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive lift of its towering architecture into the sky, give it altogether a look of pride and warlikeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at 'Auld Reekie.'"

#### PHRENOLOGY.

*What is Phrenology? Its Evidence and Principles familiarly considered.* By Edwin Saunders. 12mo. Pp. 56. London. Renshaw.

We do not profess to be phrenologists, but we have been much amused with this little book, and should think such a short, convenient, and comprehensive treatise must be acceptable to many people who, without going deeply into the system, may be anxious to know the main features of what is so universal a subject of conversation.

We have been struck by the brevity and pithiness with which Mr Saunders describes some of the organs; ex. gr.:—

"17. *Hope.* This organ is situated on each side of Veneration, and immediately before the last (Conscientiousness). *Persons in whom this organ is large, are prodigal in promises, without regard to the practicability of their fulfilment:* they are optimists, who see every thing fraught with advantages, smiling in all the verdure of beauty and sunshine of pleasure. Moderate, it of course operates beneficially, and inspires with zeal in enterprise. In the absence of it, the mind is habitually gloomy, overcast, dissatisfied, or melancholy."

"33. *Language.* The situation of this organ is immediately behind the eye. When large, the eye stands prominently forward, or appears turned a little outwards and downwards. It gives facility in expression, and, when largely developed, inspires the individual with the love of talking, so that a real pleasure is felt in the act of speaking, without regard to the novelty or force of the remarks made."

Some people that we know must certainly have these two organs very "largely developed!"

In quoting from Mr Combe, the celebrated phrenologist of Edinburgh, Mr Saunders hits Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., rather a hard tap on the skull. He says that the Member's *Ideality* is an inch and a quarter less than Dr Chalmers's! The organ is thus described:—

"19. *Ideality*, immediately below the last (that is, the bump of wonder, or marvellousness), and on the upper part of the side of the head. This faculty gives vivid conceptions and splendid imaginations. It inspires notions of supernatural perfection, and is essential to the poet, the painter, and the sculptor."

Mr Saunders, who seems, throughout, to be a religiously disposed person, thus meets the objection of fatalism that has been raised against phrenology by certain persons who thought that if a man be born with a thievish bump (they call it the organ of *acquisitiveness*) he must steal and be hanged; and so on with the murder bump, and the rest of them:—

"Phrenology, however, involves no fatalism: it does not diminish personal responsibility; since the organs of the brain, like the other parts of the animal economy, acquire aptitude and activity by use, and become torpid or energetic in proportion as they are exercised. Thus the development of the organs of the inferior faculties may be counterbalanced by those of a more elevated character, which, by being kept in a state of activity, and continually operating as a check, repressing their action and subduing their power, will ultimately destroy their functional energy.\* Thus, in the case of an individual in whom there existed a strong propensity and subjection to vice, the province of the phrenologist would be to point out the class of sentiments and motives which would be most effectual in counteracting the vicious tendency. Suppose, in this case, the predominating sentiment to be love of approbation, which would incline the individual so organized to refrain from conduct which would draw upon him the disapprobation of friends; then, by the alternate exhibition of censure or approval upon vicious or good conduct, a degree of sensibility would be excited and kept alive which would ultimately be found to produce an amelioration of character. This principle, however, extends farther than to the controlling the activity and energy with which a faculty is manifested; it also affects the size of the organs themselves. It has been found, that in cases in which, from accident or otherwise, the whole course of feelings and pursuits, and the modes in which the intellect is exercised, have undergone a total change, that there has been a corresponding alteration in the form of the brain."

The following extract, taking the facts to be correct, and we are not prepared to gainsay them, is of the very highest interest:—

"The advantages resulting from a due appreciation and application of its principles in determining the education and future pursuits of youth are obvious, and will not require to be pointed out. Perhaps, however, there are no cases in which the application of phrenological principles has yet appeared to better advantage than in the treatment of mental aberration. No more satisfactory proof of this could be referred to, than the extraordinary success of the experiment at the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, under the direction of Dr and Mrs Ellis. Regarding the brain not as an entire organized mass, but as an assemblage of organs, some of which may come into a morbid condition while the rest may remain comparatively healthy, the course pursued at that excellent institution has been by kindness, and engaging the attention of the patient, to exercise those organs which are sound, and, by diminishing the action of those which are in a diseased state, to restore them to the healthy performance of their functions. And the success which has attended the experiment stands without precedent in the annals of insanity. 'In this establishment, taking the recent cases,' observes Miss Martineau, in a very interesting paper on Dr Ellis's course of treatment, 'which is the only way of estimating the treatment fairly, it will be found that Dr Ellis cures ninety in a hundred. How much of the safety of Dr Ellis's patients may be owing to the recognition of this principle, and how much the system of classification to which he has been led by his adoption of phrenological principles, it is for himself to declare; but no one who witnesses the result can doubt the wisdom of his methods.'"

\* The question of fatalism is, indeed, in no way affected by the phrenological system; since, if this were not the case, and all attempts at education and amelioration of character were fruitless, the question whether this were the result of material organization or not would not alter the fact. Unequivocal differences of mental constitution and bias are exhibited in different individuals; and they are equally so by the will and direction of the Creator, whether produced or not by the particular conformation of the brain.

LONDON:  
CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pulteney Street.